# GREENES Funeralls.

*By* R B. *Gent.*

Printed at London by *Iohn Danter*, and are *to be ſold at his Houſe in Hoſier-lane nere Holbourne-Conduit.*

1594.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

## *To the Gentlemen Readers Health.*

GEntle Reader, I once readd of a King, that diuided the day into three parts; the First hee ſpent in Prayer, the Second in hearing of his Subiects cauſes, and the laſt in delight and pleaſure of his body: So (Gentle Reader) I hope thou wilt ſpend one daies pleaſure in reading this Pamphlet, wherin no curious theame is writt vppon; but certaine Poemes, Entituled: *Greenes Funeralls*. VVhich contrarie to the Authours expectation I haue nowe publiſhed, for it was his priuate ſtudy at idle times. Gentlemen, fine wits are quickned with one cup of pure wine, where many woulde make them dull; And this ſmall Pamphlet may recreate your mindes, when large Volumes would but cloy and weary you: Now if the Authors paines, and the Printers labour may be acceptable to thee (Gentle Reader) the one hath his hyer, and the other his deſire.

*Yours in all curteſie,* Iohn Danter.

## Sonnet, I.

WHy ſhould my Pen preſume to write his praiſe,
And hee in perfect mould of Vertue framde?
Why ſhould my Muſe ſing of his happie daies,
And he the marke, at which Dame Nature framde?
Why rather ſhould I not ſuch vertues ſhow,
That ſuch pure golde from droſſe each man may know?
But ceaſe my Muſe, why doſt thou take in hand ſo great a Taske:
Which to performe a greater wit, than Mercuries would aske?
For iudgement Ioue, for Learning deepe, he ſtill Apollo ſeemde:
For floent Tongue, for eloquence, men Mercury him deemde.
For curteſie ſuppoſe him Guy, or Guyons ſomewhat leſſe:
His life and manners though I would, I cannot halfe expreſſe.
Nor Mouth, nor Minde, nor Muſe can halfe declare,
His Life, his Loue, his Laude, ſo excellent they were.

## Sonnet, II.

FOrtune, *hates not, them that hate her:*
Fortune, *loues not, them that loue her:*
Fortune, *would, and cannot rate her:*
Fortune, *ſhall, and muſt remoue her.*
*And though fickle* Fortune *ſmile:*
*It is but for a little while.*

Greene *loude* Fortune *fooliſh Man,*
*Fooliſh man, why loude he ſo?*
*And her fooliſh race he ran,*
*Fooliſh race that's run with wee.*
*Who then (Alas) was leſſe miſuſed?*
*Now (Alas) is more abuſed?*

*But let* Fowles *and fooliſh fellowes,*
*Barke and byte their belly fill:*
*It is not ſpightfull Enuies bellowes,*
*That can kindle fire ſtill.*
*No Booke pleaſes all that come:*
*None ſo bad but pleaſes ſome.*

## Sonnet, III.

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YEE dainty Damſels of Dianes Traine,
That long to dally, with your loued Lords:
And you braue Gallant, high reſolued Lords.
That loue to gaze, vpon your ſtately Starrs.
He he is dead, that kild you with diſdaine;
And often fedde your friendy hopes againe.

He he is dead, that wrote of your delights:
That wrote of Ladies, and of Parramours:
Of budding beautie, and hir branched leaues,
Of ſweet content in royall Nuptialls.
He he is dead, that kild you with diſdaine:
And often fed your friendly hopes againe.

His gadding Muſe, although it ran of loue,
Yet did hee ſweetly morralize, his ſongs:
Ne euer gaue the looſer cauſe to laugh,
Ne men of Iudgment, for to be offended.

*But as he often kild them with disdaine:*
*So did he often feede their hopes againe.*

*And though he often told of things to come,*
*In loue more like a Prophet than a Poet:*
*Yet did he wisely interlace the one,*
*With* Sages *sayings, euer mixt among.*
*And though he often fedde their pleasing paine:*
*Yet did he often kill them with disdaine.*

*Wherefore yee dainty* Damsels *of renowne,*
*That long to dallie, with your loued* Lords:
*And you braue Gallant, worthy noble* Lords,
*That loue to dandle in your* Ladies *lapps.*
*Come hither come, and lend your mouths to Fame:*
*That meanes to sound, his neuer dying name.*

Sonnet. IIII.

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Come from the *Muses well* Minerua,
*Come and bring a Coronet:*
*To crowne his head, that doth deserue,*
*A greater gift than* Colinet.

*Come from* Bacchus *bowre* Silenus,
*Come and bring some good-ale grout:*
*For to sprinckle* Vino-plenus:
*All his foolish face about.*

*Come thou hither sweete* Amyntas
*All on a siluer sounding Swanne:*
*Come and teach this fond* A-mint-*Asse,*
*Leaue the game as hee began.*

*Come thou hither my friend so pretty,*
*All riding on a Hobby-Horse:*
*Either make thy selfe more witty:*
*Or againe renew thy force:*
*Come and decke his browes with baies,*
*That deserues immortall praise.*

## Sonnet. V.

*AMend thy ſtile who can: who can amend thy ſtile?*
*For ſweet conceit.*
*Alas the while,*
*That euer any ſuch, as thou ſhouldſt die,*
*By fortunes guile,*
*Amids thy meate.*
*Pardon (Oh pardon) me that cannot ſhew,*
*My zealous loue.*
*Yet ſhalt thou proue,*
*That I will euer write in thy behoue:*
*W.* *Gainſt any dare,*
*Th.* *With thee compare.*
*Aſt is not* Hodge-poke *nor his fellow deare,*
*Tl* *That I doe feare:*
*As ſhall appeare.*
*But him alone that is the Muſes owne,*
*And eke my friend,*
*Whome to the end,*
*My muſe muſt euer honor and adore:*

Doe

*Doe what I can.*
*To praise the man,*
*It is impossible for me that am,*
*So far behinde.*
*Yet is my minde,*
*As forward as the best, if wit so would*
*With will agree.*
*But since I see,*
*It will not bee:*
*I am content, my folly to confesse:*
*And pardon craue.*
*Which if I haue,*
*My Fortunes greater than my former fall:*
*I must confesse.*

*But if he other wise esteeme of me,*
*Than as a friend or one that honors thee:*
*Then is my labor lost, my care consumde.*
*Because I hate the hope, that so presumde*

## Sonnet, VI.

OF Tel-tales *tell my muse,*
*of such as loue to lie:*
*Of such as vse, for to abuse,*
*their friends and no cause why.*
*Of such and none but such,*
*My pen shall write his pleasure:*
*And them at large I meane to tuch,*
*When I haue time and leasure.*
*My rime is rude, what then?*
*Yet will it serue the turne:*
*To notefie such wicked men,*
*As doe deserue to burne.*
*As doe deserue to burne said I?*
*Nay worse: that ought to feele,*
*The raging force and crueltie:*
*Of old Ixions wheele.*
*But least I should this mourning Muse retaine:*
*Ile fall into an other kinde of vaine.*

## Sonnet, VII.

*Though perchance it seeme to some but a toy and a trifle,*
*Seeme to some in vaine, to bestowe but a part of an houre,*
*In penning Poemes: in honoring him with a Poeme.*
*Yet I appeale to the pen of piereles Poet* Amyntas,
*Matchles* Amintas *minde, to the minde of Matchles* Amintas.
*Sweete bonny* Phillis *loue, to the loue of sweete bonny* Phillis,
*Whether pen, or minde, or loue, of* Phillis Amintas
*Loue, or minde, or pen, of pen-loue-minder* Amintas:
*Thinke of him (perhaps) as some doe thinke of* Amintas:
*Oh that I might be loude, of* Phillis *louer:* Amintas.
*Oh that I might be thought, as I thinke of* Phillis: Amintas.
*Oh that I might be iudged as I iudge of* Phillis: Amintas:
*Then would I neuer care for such base beggarly make-bookes*
*That inueigh against the dead, like deadly maligners.*
*What if he were a man, as bad or worse than a Hel-hound?*
*As shall I thinke that he was as bad or worse than a Hel-hound?*
*Yet it ill became sweete muses to haunt in* Auernus:
*Ill became such Cutes, to barke at a poore silly carcas*
*Some had cause to mone, and mourne, & murmur against him:*
*Others none at all, yet none at all, so against him.*
*For my selfe I wish, that none had written against him*
*But such men which had iust cause t'haue written against him.*

Sonnet. VIII.

## Sonnet, VIII.

*MVse giue place to my mone, and mone giue place to my musing:*
*One for an others cause, and one for cause of an other.*
*First to behold him dead: last to behold him aliue.* (taines,
*And thou Shepheards Swaine, that keepes thy sheepe by the moun-*
(*Mountaines*) *of* Sicily, *and sweet* Arcadian *Sland,*
*Oh* Meliboeus: *leaue, Oh leaue any more to be mourning.*
*For though his Art bee dead, yet shall it euer abide:*
*Euer abide, to the end: light, as a light to the rest.*
*Rest that haue wrot of loue: and the delights of a louer.*
*But by the sweete consent, of* Pan *and* Marsias *offspringe.*
*Sweet consent of a* Saint *so sweet, of a* Fowle *an a foule one*
*Greenes but a foolish man: and such as him dee defend.*
*Yet will I euer write both to defend and offend:*
*For to defend his friends, and to offend his foes.*

## Sonnet, IX.

## Sonnet, Ix.

GReene, *is the pleasing Obiect of an eie:* (*him.*
Greene, *pleasde the eies of all that lookt vppon*
Greene, *is the ground of euerie Painters die:*
Greene, *gaue the ground, to all that wrote vpon him.*
*Nay more the men, that so Eclipst his fame:*
*Purloynde his Plumes, can they deny the same?*

*Ah could my Muse, old Maltaes Poet passe,*
*(If any Muse could passe, old Maltaes Poet.)*
*Then should his name be set in shining brasse,*
*In shining brasse for all the world to show it.*
*That little children, not as yet begotten*
*Might royallize his fame when he is rotten.*

*But since my Muse begins to vaile hir wings,*
*And flutter low vpon the lowly Earth:*
*As one that sugred Sonnets, seldome singes,*

*Except the ſound of ſadnes, more than mirth,*
*To tell the worth of ſuch a worthy man:*
*Ile leaue it vnto thoſe, that better can.*

*Now may thy ſoule againe, goe take his reſt*
*(His pleaſant reſt) in thoſe eternall ioyes*
*Where burning Tapers, ſtill attend the bleſt*
*To light, and lighten them from all annoyes.*
*Goe then poore Poet, liue and neuer die:*
*Euer, yet neuer but in miſerie.*

*And as I came into the world vnknowne,*
*Moude with compaſſion, of thy piteous plaint:*
*So will I now againe, my ſelfe goe mone,*
*That durſt preſume, thy praiſe in verſe to paint.*
*And if the Muſes pardon, mine ſo weake:*
*I paſſe not of a pin, what others ſpeake.*

Sonnet, X.

## *A Catalogue of certaine of his Bookes.*

CAmilla *for the first and second part.*
*The* Card of Fancie, *and his* Tullies loue.
*His* Nunquam Sera, *and his* Nightingale.
*His* Spaniſh *Maſquerado*, *and his* Change.
*His* Menaphon, *and* Metamorphoſis.
*His* Orpharion, *and the* Denmarke King.
*His* Cenſure, *and his* Loues Tritameron.
*His* Diſputation, *and the* Death of him,
*That makes all* England *ſhed ſo many teares:*
*And many more that* I *haue neuer ſeene*
*May witnes well vnto the world his wit,*
*Had he ſo well, as well applied it.*

## Sonnet, XI.

*VVHen my loathed life, had loſt the light of* Olimpus,
*And deſcended downe, to the curſed caues of* Auernus,
*Neuer more had I thought, of men to be inlie moleſted,*
*But now alas, I ſee my hope is vaine:*
*My pleaſure turned, to eternall paine.*
*For ſuch fooliſh men, as I had neuer abuſed:*
*Neuer abuſed alas, yet alas, had euer abuſed:*
*Euer abuſed ſo, becauſe ſo neuer abuſed.*
*Not onely ſeeke to quench my kindled glorie,*
*But alſo for to marre my* vertues *ſtorie.*
*And though my life were lewd, Oh how it grieues me to thinke it.*
*Lewd as a life might be, from all good counſell abandond:*
*And giuen ouer vp, to the out caſt ſenſe of a ſinner.*
*Yet might my end, haue moud them to remorce:*
*And not to reake their teene, on ſillie corſe.*

## Sonnet, XII.

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Father of *Heauen*, for thy mercies meekenes,
And thy ſweete Sonnes ſake, *Chriſt* the redeemer,
Pardon, Oh pardon, ſinfull offender,
Lord I beſeech him.

And though his age, here on earth were a loathſome
Pudddle of filthynes, inly poluted,
VVith all abuſe, that can be deuiſed,
Yet was his ending;

Ending a myrrour, of a man moleſted,
One ouer-whelmed with his iniquities,
And to be holpen alone by the *Ieſus*
Sauiour of all men.

## Sonnet, XIII.

*A sweete Praier to the Trinitie by* R.S *and vsed of R. G. at the instant of his death.*

TRinity blessed, Deitie coequall,
Vnitie sacred, God one eke in essence,
Yeeld to thy seruant pittifully calling
Mercifull hearing.
Vertuous liuing, did I long relinguish,
Thy will and precpts miserably scorning,
Graunt to me, sinfull patient, repenting,
Healthfull amendment.
Blessed I iudge him, that in heart is healed,
Cursed I know him, that in health is harmed.
Thy Phisicke therefore to me, wretch vnhappie,
Send my Redeemer.
Glorie to God the Father, and his onelie Sonne,
The Protector of vs Earthie sinners
Thy sacred Spirit, laborours refreshing,
Still be renowmed. *Amen.*

## Sonnet, XIIII.

*An other Poeme, borrowed of the ſame learned Gentleman* R.S. R.G. *ſpeaketh.*

LOrd, my dryrie foes, why doe they multiply?
Me for to ruinate, ſundry be couetous.
Him ſhildes not the Godhead, ſundry ſay to my Soule:
Th'art Lord moſt vigilant, wholy my ſuccorer,
And in thee all my ſtayinge, ſhall be harboured:
Th'art my moſt valiant victorie glorious.
To our Lord lowd I cried: from holy place heard he me.
In graue new buried, ſcarce haue I ſlumbred:
I roſe to life againe, through God his holines.
I feare not furious multitude, infinite,
VVith compaſſe labouring, my body for to catch.
Riſe Lord omnipotent, helpe me, my champion,
Lord, thy deare radiant, righteous equitie,
Hath ſquiſde all my foes, falſely me ranſaking.
Our Lord participiates, ſafetie with happines:
With gifts, heauenly Godhead, thy people amply bleſſe.

*Amen.*

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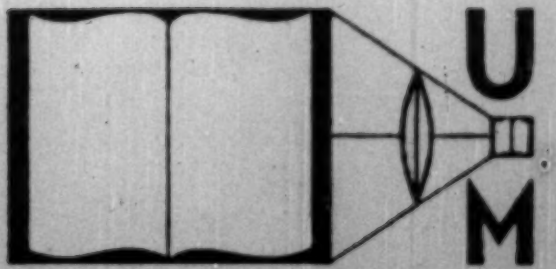


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